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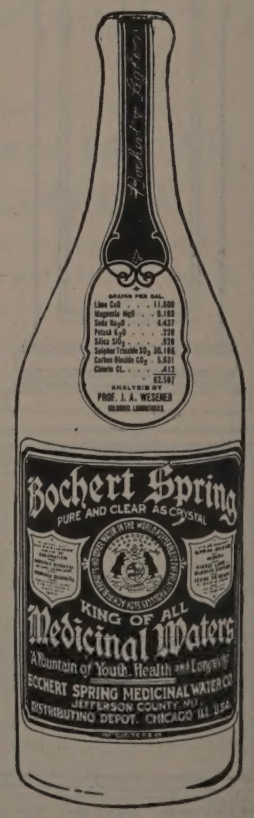

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1906 | NUMBER 10

Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—
No quality of the finelier tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its likeness rather, stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.
—Browning.

Slowly but surely the mysterious region of the North Pole is being invaded. In the last ten years the distance to the "unknown" has been reduced 510 miles, and now Commander Peary has left but 203 miles to be conquered. Ice and dangers all the way, and more ice and nothing more when reached, will be the probable verdict; and yet, the legitimate ground for that verdict must be reached. "What is the use?" That the inquisitive spirit of the human may be satisfied and that this one more conquest in the realm of nature may prepare for the next high triumph, for all such triumphs are high. In this time of mad pursuit of personal gain and party advancement, a time when the air is full of criminations and recriminations, when the intellect is obscured and conscience dulled by the determination of candidates to estimate their opponents at their meanest, to exaggerate their crimes and weaknesses and to minimize their virtues, it is refreshing to come upon the records of Commander Peary and his associates, of whom it is said: "He has gone thirty-four miles nearer to the North Pole than any man who ever went into the Arctic seas." It is not always necessary to get hot in order to make an advance.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Compulsory Education to the Board of Education for the year ending June 29, 1906, is before us, a pamphlet of thirty pages. It is filled with facts and figures most suggestive. It is written quite in the Chicago spirit. It shows that Chicago has prosecuted more parents, that it has a smaller percentage of truancy, that it holds the lowest percentage of illiteracy of any city in the country. To use its own phrase, "Chicago is the greatest child-saving city in the United States," and apparently offers abundant facts to make good its claim. To attain this enviable record there are twenty-nine truant officers, eighteen of whom are women, who are busily at work every school day of the year looking up the non-attending children, lists of which are furnished them systematically by the principals of the schools, finding children of school age on the streets, and in many other ways looking after the interests of bad parents and wayward children. Last year they served 2,820 warning notices on indifferent parents and successfully prosecuted over 700 of them. We cannot give the figures, but every minister and editor interested in sociological questions would profit by a close study. Doubtless copies of the report can be obtained on application at the Board of Education rooms, Chicago. The chapter on "Causes of Truancy" is a pathetic one. It shows that the preventive work is not so far along as the remedial.

The Volunteers of America celebrated their tenth anniversary last Sunday evening in the Auditorium at Chicago with imposing and effective ceremonies. General Ballington Booth and his beloved wife, Maud Ballington Booth, were the centers of attraction, but Dr. Gunsaulus, Bishop Fallows and others helped give prominence to the occasion. The schism resting on the family quarrel was a deplorable thing, but here is another verification of the significant text, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him." Statistics in religious and philanthropic work are very treacherous; they mislead more often than they lead, for it is never but the poorest work that can be caught by figures. The Nazarene Master at the end of his career could count but twelve, and one of them had proven a traitor and at least one more a coward. But notwithstanding this modification the accomplishment of these Volunteers in the last ten years is magnificent. They have gone to places where they were more needed; they have done things that were sadly in need of doing, but they cannot in future hope to so successfully combine science and superstition, true philanthropic methods with outgrown theological dogmas, impossible schemes and grotesque caricatures of God and his way of dealing with men. When will the forceful Ballington Booth, the persuasive and gentle Maud Booth find successors who will sustain their splendid humanities and modify, elevate, and refine much of the divinities which are becoming more and more impossible! Notwithstanding all this, UNITY extends its heartiest congratulations to the noble army of American Volunteers who are marshaled in the cause of peace and sobriety.

"Prof. John A. Wiggin of Boston," who appears in the telegraphic dispatches of the current dailies as the man who has left a post-mortem "exposure" of the method in which Mary Baker C. Eddy's book was written, was really the Rev. James H. Wiggin, a well known and highly respected Unitarian minister of thirty years ago, who, in his later years, became an expert reader in the "John Wilson Press," Cambridge. In life he made no secret of the fact that in his expert capacity it became his duty to prepare Mrs. Eddy's manuscripts for print, which he found needing much revision and correction before it was available

to the compositors. Many years ago Mr. Wiggin himself, during what was perhaps his last visit to Chicago, recounted in detail his part in the "revelations" of the "discoverer" of Christian Science to the Editor of UNITY the essential facts which now constitute a passing sensation in the daily press. It does not signify much that Mrs. Eddy found it necessary to call in expert assistance in producing available manuscript for publication. Many wise and worthy people do the same; but it does go far towards discrediting the theory of "special inspiration," "unique revelation," and all that. We believe that Mrs. Eddy has emphasized an important truth, one that has sanitary value, but her claim of a "divine monopoly" and the blind faith of her followers in an "inspired leader" will have to suffer the usual revisions of history, the inexorable disillusion which comes through wider experience and deeper study. The place for "miraculous revelations" and divinely isolated "saviors" and saints in the world of thought and of morals is happily growing smaller and smaller.

So quietly and swiftly do the years pass by, so tender and silent are the ministries of death, that every day some old friend and whilom comrade slips out of sight. The going hither of Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt was of this kind. Over thirty years ago he sought the Senior Editor of UNITY between trains at Waupun, Wisconsin, where he was settled as Pastor of the Baptist church. Slowly but surely he groped his way out into the freer fellowship of the Unitarian denomination. He inaugurated and continued a successful Pastor of the liberal church at Brodhead, Wisconsin, from which he passed to a successful ministry of Unity Church, Oak Park, during which administration we believe its first house of worship was dedicated; thence to Sheffield, on to Luverne, and in later years he settled in Chicago and was open for such work of the ministry as is possible to an unplaced minister. Seldom is there a minister who was so persistent in his quest for truth and who took such delight in expression, even though such expression ministered only to his own soul. We remember volumes of manuscript, whole books of poetry, beautifully transcribed and illumined by his own skillful hand, which never reached a publication beyond that of the private reading of a few personal friends, and still he wearied not in the creation. Our friend Hewitt was a corresponding Pastor to a large and loyal circle; he knew the ministry of the friendly letter; he was indeed a postoffice missionary long after circumstances limited his spoken itinerary. A gentle, kind, sensitive soul was he who bore the name of J. O. M. Hewitt, a name once very familiar to UNITY readers and still remembered tenderly by many of our older readers in Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota.

The UNITY forms will be closed this week before the election returns are all in. Our readers will rejoice with us that the strain is over and that the worst or the best will be known. Whichever wins, in nearly every community the election will, or ought to, leave a bad taste in the mouth of the winner, for victory was won by many sacrifices to truth, fairness and the courtesies which every man owes to conscience. In Chicago there will be the minimum justification of honest rejoicing on the part of whichever "Party" may win out. There were a few honorable men worthy of public confidence, on both the democratic and republican tickets, but the cause which led to their being there and the manner of their nomination and election, as well as the company into which they were thrust, was an indignity and a humiliation. The bad men and the low political methods were exploited last July, three or more months before election. This was well contrived, so that the average citizen with a conscience might forget the indignities and the affronts and settle down to the grim conclusion that "It is a choice of evils"; "Nothing can be done about it"; "It always has been so and always will be so." The "leading" newspapers in Chicago, those whom respectable people read every morning before breakfast, have displayed a stolidity of conscience, a commercial or party bias that was humiliating. The "best papers" unblushingly stood by, consenting to and aiding in the election of men who two and four and more years ago they heroically "exposed," opposed, and sought to defeat, although they wore the right party label. The Independent League ticket, which confessedly contained a long list of names of most exemplary gentlemen, men who were above suspicion of intrigue, men who would not bear the thrall of the slenderest fetter to conscience, was studiously ignored by the "high conscience" papers, while they pretended to promote unbiased the success of the better candidates in all cases, because, forsooth, it had a Hearst taint back of it and they abhorred the "bossism" implied. This bossism at worst was a long distance affair with no malign local ends in view. These same scrupulous papers were undisturbed by the short-ranged tyranny of such bosses as Sullivan, Lorimer, Loeffler, Busse, Pease, Jamieson and the rest of them. UNITY joins with all right-minded people in disapproval and disgust over the "yellow" journalistic habits of which Hearst is now the conspicuous, though by no means the sole, representative. It rejoices in the merited defeats of those lines, but we again venture the opinion that a great host turned reluctantly towards Hearst and his movements in spite of, not on account of, the crass methods, hoping and believing that he was better than he seemed and being compelled to feel that others were worse than they pretended. The rear entrances to other newspapers than the Hearst group sadly belie the elegant plate glass fronts. The way the people turn to so questionable a leader as Hearst, choosing him spite of his faults, for the nobility of his contentions, is a hopeful hint of the soundness of the American people at heart and a bright promise of what will happen when the contentions of Hearst will be championed by a man or men as able, backed by wealth as

ample, without the sad handicaps of scandal and claptrap in which the California youth is entangled.

The "Turmoil" Ripens Into a Disgrace

In a recent editorial we deplored the "turmoil in the Chicago Board of Education," while at the same time we insisted on that first element of fair play,—the recognition of an earnest motive on both sides and a fair estimate of opponents. Since the writing of that article the turmoil has developed into a disgrace. The general question at issue, as to whether some evidence of further study of intellectual activity should not be made the condition of advancement in pay for the teachers in the public schools, is an academic question about which the wise will inevitably differ. With this discussion we have large sympathy and we pleaded for patience on the part of the public while it is being beaten out, as it should be, by the body entrusted with the school management of the city of Chicago.

But when the discussion takes the concrete form as to whether 125 or more teachers, who had in good faith successfully passed such examinations under existing rules, were entitled to the advance, it becomes a question of plain honesty, simple good faith, and the attempt to hold up or hold back such pay for strategic reasons becomes deplorable, particularly when the tactics of the remonstrants were such as characterize the boisterous and inflammatory procedures of ward politicians. The motives of the committee whose duty it was to superintend the examinations—Superintendent Cooley, Mrs. Ella F. Young, President of the Normal School, and Professor Sargeant of the same institution, were impugned, their integrity assailed, and the assailants were cheered in their protracted assault, which lasted into midnight, by an inflamed and inflammable body of teachers and their representatives. Subsequently, in order to give full play for more lurid rhetoric, a public discussion of the question was secured and Fullerton Hall was packed with what purported to be a "town meeting," where selected speakers, representing various interests, "debated" the question, but probably the result was such as follows all debates of the kind. The opinions carried there were carried back unchanged, with the possibilities of a reconsideration lessened. At the present time the original academic question, to which we attempted to give dignity in our preceding editorial, is in danger of being lost sight of altogether, and there remains the utterly deplorable factional fight between a "Teachers' Federation" of several thousand grammar grade teachers, led by their hired agent, Margaret Haley, who has not been a teacher for several years, on the one hand, and Superintendent Cooley, backed by a clear majority of the Board of Education, the high esteem of what we must believe to be an overwhelming majority of the intelligent people of Chicago, and the confidence and admiration of leading educators throughout the country on the other.

If it is a battle on this line, our sympathies are unqualifiedly with Superintendent Cooley. Miss Haley and her associates, as UNITY has often urged, challenged the admiration of the whole country and put the city of Chicago under a permanent debt of gratitude by the skillful and courageous way in which they drove the tax-dodging corporations of Chicago to the wall, winning from the highest tribunal of the state the decision that immensely added to the revenue of the city. But this victory was fought and won outside the legitimate realm of the school teacher. These women were forced to do the extraordinary thing because nerveless laymen, in office and out of office, were either too much implicated or too faithless to push the thing.

Inspired by this success these grade teachers went into politics permanently, withdrew Miss Haley from her work in the school and made her their paid agent to look after their interests and, like the "Accuser" in the drama of Job, to go up and down the earth testing the children of men. This was, to say the least, a dangerous experiment. It was at best a lamentable necessity, justifiable only by an assumption that the proper authorities—the municipality of Chicago and its authorized representatives in education—were incompetent or indisposed to do their duty. This step has reacted unfavorably upon this body of federated teachers. They have developed a class consciousness, a labor union spirit, unworthy the calling they represent. What ought to be a liberal profession with the ideals and self-abandoning pursuits which become such a profession, has developed the "craftsman" spirit. The teachers have joined the "Trades Unions" and are menaced by the narrowness, the suspicions, that legitimately belong to such self-protecting bodies. The purpose to hold their "jobs" and to "increase their pay" seem to over-lay their corporate life, however free from these crippling anxieties they may be in their individual capacities.

If this tendency goes on uncorrected the result will be that a certain kind of smug efficiency in the school, a deftness in the trade, a capacity to keep order, and to pass the children along, will mark the "excellence" of the teacher, rather than a cultural quality, a public spirit, an atmosphere that will inspire interest in large things, a love of ideals rather than a passion for markings; in short, the power to lead the community on high lines.

There lies before us the last bulletin of Brown University, which contains the annual report of the President to the corporation of the University. Dr. Faunce states so admirably this higher function of the teacher that we can but quote his words. The respect of authorship alone prevents our paraphrasing his argument to our Chicago needs, for there are no duties nor opportunities resting upon a university professor that are not more applicable to the grammar and district school teacher in the public service. Let such teachers substitute in the reading the words "public school" for the words "college" and "university."

"*The modern college has a duty not only to its students, but to the community around it.* The idea of the university forty years ago was that it was designed to select a few of the brightest young minds from the mass of humanity, and that in educating these few elect spirits it performed its whole duty to the world. We now see that such a conception goes with the ideals and institutions of the Old World, and has little place in America. It is the duty of the university to provide intellectual insight, stimulus and leadership for the entire community around it. If it had no students, it would still have important functions to perform. Its libraries are to be accessible to all qualified readers; its laboratories are to minister to the industrial equipment of the city; its halls are to be used by the charities and philanthropies of the city; *its teachers are to lift up their voices constantly in behalf of justice and truth, and engage in various forms of social service; and on its invitation men of light and leading are to come from far to guide the thought and action of the entire body politic.*

* * * * * * * *

"It is the point of view that tells; it is the goal we seek that determines the value of the study. Classical archæology may be made as technical and illiberal as any course in 'chipping and filing,' while an experiment in chemical analysis may show us the evanescence of matter, and conduct us into the heart of metaphysics and philosophy. The great problem is to secure this idealistic temper on the part of all teachers of our youth.

"The teachers with most power to shape ideals and mould character are often found today in the secondary schools, while in too many universities we have put our freshmen either into the hands of callow youths just out of college themselves, or under famous specialists who regard the class-room as a lamentable hindrance to the work of investigation and production. No 'original research,' no array of titles and degrees, no learned monographs, can qualify a man for purely collegiate work if he has 'lost the forest in the trees,' and by painful grubbing in some remote corner for human knowledge lost his vision of the order and beauty of the world, his reverence for righteousness, and his faith in the unseen. Teachers are more than text-books, and life is greater than curriculum. We must preserve our scientific accuracy, our passion for truth, our zeal for analysis as the instrument of discovery. But we must also see more clearly than we have seen in the last quarter century that it is the spirit that quickeneth, that personality counts for more than mechanism, and that there is no position in modern life with larger responsibility or greater opportunity than that of a teacher in an American university. The truth on this subject has been lucidly set forth by one of our own graduates, President Wheeler, of the University of California: 'More and more with the years, American higher education in all its branches has been quickening its touch with life, has been becoming life itself, intensified and clarified. Steadily and surely the barrier of method and purpose between technical and cultural education has been melting away. We are coming to see that technical training, to yield the best results, must be based on that liberation from slavery to the rule of thumb which constitutes the real culture, and that cultural training to mean anything for society must be lodged in effective personality, in lives that can do.' "

We wish that the teachers of Chicago could read the lesson of the hour between these lines of President Faunce. If there were less anxiety about pay and a nobler passion for ideas, less attention paid to methods and more to matter, in school and out of school, the better pay and the greater freedom of teaching would come.

The "tired look" as well as the "tired feeling" that marks so many school teachers may come, not so much from the overstraining of nerves as the underfeeding of brain. "Give me a new thought that I may refresh myself with it," said the dying Herder. Let the teachers pursue the cultural lines that feed the head and the heart; let the money now spent in the support of their "office" and their officers looking after their wages be spent in looking after their ideals, and their wages will be all the safer.

Says President Faunce in the same report: "No teacher, unless engaged in a definite piece of research or production needs a three months' rest. In fact, the banking of intellectual fires for that length of time may mean low pressure for the remainder of the year."

There should be some way of stimulating the intellectual fires of our teachers so that they become depositors of ideas, leaders in the communities they serve, guardians of disinterestedness. Teaching is not a trade; mere persistence in it does not make added skill. A teacher will inevitably wear out her usefulness in the school room, lower the standard of her efficiency, unless there is continual stoking of the intellectual fires, a feeding of the brain with fresh and nourishing food. The question of all parties concerned is how to get rid of inefficiency, to eliminate neutral or negative elements from the educational forces of the country, not how to secure an advance of pay, though that should come. The more adequate appreciation and worthy remuneration of the physician and the minister, the lawyer and the teacher, must come through other methods than such as advance the wages of cab drivers and plumbers.

New Books on the Editor's Table

POETRY.

"A Book of Poems" (The Bowman Publishing Co., Evanston, Ill.) Wilbur D. Nesbit is no stranger to Unity columns. The whilom "Line-o'-Type" man is now "The Innocent By-Stander" of the *Chicago Evening Post.* He is one of the few poem-a-day men who can step out of the columns of a daily newspaper and take his place between covers on the library shelf without apology. Mixed in with the happy-go-lucky dialect hits there is a large percentage of thoughtful poetry, rising into fine reaches of devoutness and spiritual insight, such as his "Lincoln," "The Evening Lamp," "Sun Down," "Beautiful Women," and the noble poem read at the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre in 1905. Mr. Nesbit, like Whitcomb Riley, takes the reader into his confidence and touches with pathos, humor and melody the every-day experiences of the every-day men and women of the middle west. Here is a profitable acquaintance.

"Poems, 1854-1906" (Alden Brothers, N. Y.). fifty-two years of poetry, by Amanda T. Jones of Kansas,—not a title page to attract the elite in letters, the devotee of the cultured. Who ever heard of Amanda Jones! What an unpromising name! And who ever looks to Kansas for poetry? And still, the very bulk of the volume of upwards of six hundred pages of poems, worked out through the hard life of the pioneer, touches one's reverence. And then the titles, from the "Dedication to Susan Brownell Anthony" to "Rubaiyat to Solomon," appeal to the poet in us. Surely, here is the material out of which poetry may be made, and on closer examination we find that this plain woman with a plain name, living, we dare say, in some plain house on the frontier, has stood the test of time. These poems have done service, most of them we dare say, in the poets' corners of newspapers

and magazines, but they have also been scattered in Sheaves of Early Poems, in Kansas Bird Songs, and have commanded the respect of critics whose judgment we must respect. It is a pleasant surprise to know that this prairie singer has won the admiration and confidence of the critics whom we admire. Richard Watson Gilder speaks of the "peculiar charm of her verses, some of which are built to last far beyond the power of the writer to linger." F. F. Browne of the *Dial* says, "The lines on 'David Gray' I think very beautiful." T. B. Aldrich says, "'Kansas Bird Songs' and the brave ballad 'Abagail Becker' I have long liked."

Miss Jones came to her poetry through a Welsh ancestry and a Puritan training. Her great-grandfather, Isaac Jones, was an Universalist preacher, and presided over a convention of that body in his 83rd year. Her "Lady Gwyneth" and the "Rubaiyat of Solomon" do not belie her descent. The latter is the most ambitious of her works; it is nothing less than an attempt to put the Hebrew preacher where he belongs,—alongside of the old Persian free thinker, Omar Khayyam. She has imitated with great success Fitzgerald's metre. When thus arranged, the thought of the Hebrew poet and that of the Persian poet are strangely alike. But many who will not be impressed with the sustained effort of her "Rubaiyat" will enjoy the carols of her Kansas Birds,—the thrush, the finch, the cheewink, the redbird, the mocking bird, and the rest of them.

Miss Jones lived and suffered in the days that tried the Union, and the agonies of a woman's heart found relief in song as "The Soldier's Mother," "Fort Donaldson," "The Year of Emancipation," and many another title shows she is content to take her place among the humbler poets

> "Whose songs gushed from the heart,
> As showers from the clouds of summer,
> Or tears from the eyelids start;
>
> Who, through long days of labor,
> And nights devoid of ease,
> Still heard in his soul the music
> Of wonderful melodies.
>
> Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the benediction
> That follows after prayer."

Her right to a place here is amply justified by this volume. He who would honor and understand the major poets should offer no indignity to the minor ones. The only way to reach the summit is by way of the foot-hills. Let us begin to understand and love our own home-made poetry. Kansas as well as Massachusetts is dear to the Muse.

"Falling Leaves" is the fitting title which Edwin Oscar Gale has given to the handsome and portly volume that represents "what was written in the spare moments of a long and intensely active business life as a pleasant diversion and with no intention of giving them further publicity than the occasion which inspired them or their appearance in our local magazines and papers." Mr. and Mrs. Gale celebrated the other day their Golden Wedding, and our business man has passed his seventy-fifth mile-post. Mr. Gale is one of the early Chicagoans, coming hither by boat in the thirties. His "Reminiscences of Early Chicago," which was noticed in these columns some time ago, is the finest contribution yet made to the history of this young city by the lake.

Thousands and thousands to whom the firm name of "Gale & Blocki" will suggest only the drug business, will be surprised to know that the compact little man behind the counter had this rich undertow of poetry in his life. The Senior Editor of Unity has known him for over a quarter of a century and had reason to suspect the existence of this hidden stream, but he is surprised at the quantity of the output, and we are glad that the Golden Wedding days moved him to make this offering to his friends. Of this volume, as of the volume of Amanda Jones, noted above, we would say, It is good reading for the poetry-lover; it is better than history to the student of history. Through his long lifetime Mr. Gale has been a loyal Universalist and his part in the life of the churches of his faith, in Chicago and vicinity, has been such as to make him a commendable example to the more favored young men who have come after him, who are so prospered in business that they have no time and oftentimes, what is more astonishing, no money, to give for the support of the men and measures, organizations and movements, which give to life its consecrations, to birth and marriage its sanctifications, and to death its consolations.

Unity congratulates the old settlers, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Gale, and thanks them for this souvenir of a rich life.

"The Wild Huntsman" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Julius Wolff's Legend of the Hartz, has found a charming translation at the hands of Ralph Davidson, of LaPorte, Indiana. A book of poetry has not much show on the editorial table of Unity, and this "Wild Huntsman" has waited through many feverish months of work and hurry for a reading which, when the oft postponed moment came, found all the more welcome appreciation.

Here is a wild, sweet story, full of nature, legend, and chivalric love. In the translation it has a Celtic rhythm, a Saxon realism, and a Norse virility. It is a book that will satisfy the cravings of a novel reader, for the story is so charming and will carry with it that valuable plus which we call "poetry" which the prose novel cannot give. But beyond the charm of the text and our interest in the coal-burner's daughter and her knightly wooers is the satisfaction that comes from the discovery that here is another business man, one who is thick in the fight, who has a hidden corner, unknown to those of us who love and honor him, dedicated to pure poetry. "The Wild Huntsman" is probably the German poet's, Julius Wolff, masterpiece; so the translation of it is the masterpiece of our friend, Ralph Davidson, a more significant and successful output of his life than any of his achievements in real estate, dry

goods, or building ventures, however successful these may have been. At least we will think it so and will commiserate the business man whose accumulating fortune marks the decline of his relish for poetry and his growing apathy to the wealth of letters and the interests of culture.

W. D. Nesbit, Amanda T. Jones, Edwin Oscar Gale, Ralph Davidson,—Hoosier, Chicagoan, Kansan and Americanized Jew,—a modest quartet of poets, all vocalizing the joyous life, reconciling and commending the wild and hurried west to the strength of meditation and the power of love.

The Lengthening Days

(Contributed.)

Susan Look Avery, an ever youthful friend of UNITY, sent her usual generous contribution to UNITY work, with a cheerful note, on the eve of her eighty-ninth anniversary. Mrs. Avery is widely known and beloved in Chicago, where resides her daughter, Mrs. Coonley Ward, and here as elsewhere she is known as the champion of progressive ideas. Radicalism is easy in the early years, where there are no bitter experiences and significant defeats to interfere with it, but at the end of eighty-nine years of life's buffetings, to believe in new things, fresh methods, and to be interested in unsolved and on that account advanced questions, betokens a profound soul, a keen intellect, allied to a loving heart.

Apropos of this eighty-ninth birthday a friend sends us the following lines, written on his ninety-second birthday, by William Goldsmith Browne, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, who lived on into his ninety-fourth year. These lines of the Wisconsin nonogenarian, who was the father of F. F. Browne, Founder and Editor of the *Dial,* again calls to mind the benignant career of Mrs. Jane Findlay Nicholson of Indianapolis, who reached her round one hundred, whom we remembered so recently in these columns. Surely the span of human life is hopefully lengthening. Right living and high thinking will increase the number of those who can sing with the venerable citizen of Wisconsin:

I'm ninety-two!—March winds are here—
  I'm ninety-two today;
I've wearied you, dear friends, I fear,
  By my protracted stay;
But somehow I a liking took
  To this grand world of ours,
And this is why I live to look
  So long on friends and flowers.

Yon sun doth shine as bright as we
  Can bear with dazzled eyes;
Our ears can turn from murmuring sea
  To bird songs in the skies;
All doubts and fears, all pleasure, pain,
  Are under our control;
In harp or lute no thrilling strain,—
  The music's in the soul.

There may be lovelier lands than this,
  That wait us over there;
Hope paints eternal blessedness
  In colors bright and fair;
But God's own kingdom is within,
  It is of us a part;
Love, Truth and Justice banish sin
  From every human heart.

Wait, friends, until the storm has passed,
  Then look up through the blue
And see the happy homes at last
  Prepared for me and you;
Prepared for all the good of earth,
  On Christian, Pagan shore,
Who pass into a second birth,
  Progressing evermore.

This world is full of good and ill,
  Is full of peace and war,
And every son of Adam will
  Find what he's looking for;
The winds that blow from happy isles
  In God's great sea above,
Bring glorious news with angel smiles,
  "There is no death to Love."

The glory of the land is mine,
  The grandeur of the sea;
While all the stars that sing and shine,
  Look down in love on me;
Then why should I wear Envy's frown,
  My poor hands fail to hold
A burden that would weigh me down,
  Earth's silver and its gold?

If I have put one wounded bird
  Back in its little nest;
If I have spoken one kindly word
  That gave a sad heart rest;
If I have made one tear-drop less,
  Have saved one pang of pain;
If one is left my name to bless,
  I have not lived in vain.

March winds blow clear and cold upon
  The graves of friends tonight;
Three generations passed and gone,
  Since first I saw the light;
The sick boy they thought would die
  Ere two birthdays had passed,
Has seen full ninety more go by,
  Still vigorous to the last.

Thanks, Father, 'mid the storm and strife,
  For long bright days I've found,
But most of all that human life
  Is one eternal round;
And so I watch the shadows fall
  On hill and vale afar,
And wait to hear the Pilot's call
  To cross the harbor bar!

—*William Goldsmith Browne.*

Stevens Point, March 3, 1904.

CORRESPONDENCE

Turmoil in the Chicago Schools

I have sometimes thought that the art of modern living consists in the power to read between the lines of the press of the day.

Your article "Turmoil in the Chicago Schools" is excellent since you have gained your impression from the public press, or rather let me say the Chicago Press.

If one is right in a position of public policy it is good to have the public press with us; if one is wrong, it is better to have the public press against us. If one is wrong in matters of public policy it is sad to have the public press with us, but if one is right in the matter of public policy, to have the public press against us can do no genuine harm as it only calls public attention to the problem involved.

Misrepresentation may and does injure the individuals, but it can in nowise do aught but good to the problem involved.

If people who have taken upon themselves public service were not conscious of the genuine truths underlying these public questions and were they not willing to make personal sacrifices for these truths—then life would not present the splendid progressive panorama of social evolvement that it does. Sincerely,

October 30, 1906. CORNELIA B. DE BEY.

Semi-Centennial at Kalamazoo, Mich.

The People's Church at Kalamazoo, Michigan, has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Liberal Christianity in that city and has installed as minister, Dr. Joseph P. MacCarthy, who has served them for nearly a year.

The exercises were inaugurated on Sunday, Oct. 21, by an offering of $50 for church extension work. On Thursday evening, Oct. 25, the anniversary address was given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, and a large and appreciative audience listened to the words of their "Bishop." Mr. Jones has been with this church on so many auspicious occasions that his presence is considered necessary to complete a program.

The anniversary reception was held at 5:30 o'clock on Friday, Oct. 26, the parlors being appropriately decorated in yellow, chrysanthemums and drapings, as befitted the golden anniversary. The reception was followed by the anniversary supper, fully 200 guests being seated at long tables in the dining room, which was also decorated in yellow. The guest of honor was Mrs. Allen Potter, the only survivor of the first ten members of the original Unitarian Church. An incident of interest was the starting of the Potter Emergency Fund by a gift of fifty dollars from Mrs. Potter, to which friends added varying sums until it amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. The feast of reminiscences which followed the supper was furnished by several old members, all the responses being hearty and eloquent. Mr. G. A. Dimoc, president of the board of trustees, was the efficient toastmaster, and most of the music was furnished by the Sunday school orchestra. After reading greetings from a host of friends the program was closed by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne," accompanied by Mrs. J. J. Knight on the little old melodeon over which she presided when a girl.

The women of the church had a pleasant social afternoon on Saturday, which was largely reminiscent in its nature.

On Sunday morning the historical meeting was held and three most interesting papers were read—"A Sketch of the First Twenty-five Years of Our History," by Mrs. Allen Potter, who has seen it all; "The Last Twenty-five Years' History," by Rev. Caroline Bartlett-Crane, a former minister; "The Institutional Features of Our Church," by Mrs. C. G. Kleinstuck, whose father, Mr. Silas Hubbard, by a large gift made possible the new church.

As a fitting close to the first fifty years and looking forward hopefully to the next fifty years, the church on Sunday evening installed as minister Dr. Joseph P. MacCarthy, with whom they have worked for nearly a year. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. M. Backus, of Chicago, and other parts on the program were assigned to Rev. R. S. Barrow of Jackson, Mich., Rev. Bartlett-Crane and Mr. G. A. Dimoc of Kalamazoo. On this day of historical interest eight new names were added to the list of membership, among them being a grandson of Mrs. Allen Potter and a granddaughter of Mr. Silas Hubbard. This aggregates a total of 68 who have united with the church during the past year. **

From Macmillans comes "The Modern Pulpit," a study of homiletics, by Prof. Barstow of Yale. The volume is a good one of its sort. It really does not give us anything more than a rather discoursive view of preaching and preachers. It is written from the standpoint of modern liberalism.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH WE SAY "GOOD-BYE."

"Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury of delight,
But strenuous labor for the right."

And we shall best show our love and reverence for Mother Bickerdyke by imitating her in all her good works and by standing as stanchly and as fearlessly for the right as she ever did. Though we no longer need army nurses, the sick and the poor are always with us, and Peace has her victories, her occasions for the use of heroic virtues and bravery, no less surely than a time of War. While life lasts—while "we hope and resolve and aspire and pray," we shall have need of women as well as men with "strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands," such as our Mother Bickerdyke was. Her memory will be ever fresh with us. Her blunt honesty, the plain, unadorned English in which she clothed her thoughts, the homely truths she uttered, will stay with us and will help us to "quit our meanness" and live clean and true in all places and under all circumstances. We shall remember how often she told us "it doesn't pay to be little or mean; nothing pays but love and decency and truth."

We shall see her as she was when, in the strength and joy of her mature womanhood, she took up her arduous work in the army, putting aside the detaining hands of her little sons that other mothers' sons might be cared for, bringing something of the order and comfort of home into the dreary hospitals; making glad the "waste places" wherever she went; so trustworthy, so competent that none feared to trust her; so determined and untiring that she never "went to the wall" in acknowledged defeat. We shall follow her in memory through camp and field and upon the long marches through all those terrible years, the ever-recurring scenes of which made such deep lines on her face and still deeper, more ineffaceable ones upon her tender woman's-heart, we shall see her a ministering angel to the sick and dying, listening to the last message from lips fast growing cold, gathering up the precious pictures of mother, wife, children, sister or sweetheart the soldier had carried through all the cruel years of separation, the sight of which had helped him to do his duty "as a man and a soldier to God and my country," as one brave boy wrote in his "good-bye" letter. How tenderly and with what wise sympathy she writes the letter to send with these keepsakes, telling how nobly the soldier did his duty, how bravely he answered "Here!" at the roll call of Death, stamping it all with such high patriotism and holy love of country, with such joy of service in her bitter need, that the spirit of the one bereft was upborne by the joy of sacrifice and made strong to bear the lonely days yet to come. We follow her while she searches under the midnight sky over the death-strewn field at Fort Donaldson; we go with her on and on to Shiloh, to Savannah, Perrysville, Louisville, Memphis, Vicksburg, Jackson, Corinth, Pittsburg Landing, Fort Henry, Huntsville, Chattanooga, Mission Ridge—on and on through all the field hospitals of the Atlanta campaign, at Nashville, and so "on to the sea" with Sherman and his gallant men. We see her watching with aching heart through seventeen hard fought battles, caring for thousands of wounded, seeing human bodies mangled and torn in every con-

ceivable way—bleeding and dying—and we wonder how did woman's eyes keep their sight? How did woman's heart endure such horrors, such feaful anguish? No wonder she used to cover her face close with her hands and say, "Oh, it will haunt me forever, forever!" Yet she never let any scene weaken her, but shut her eyes as far as possible to the horror and saw only the need for action, the work that was ever before her—grand old Mother Bickerdyke. No soldier was ever braver, none could do more than she did that we might have "one country and one flag." Words seem so empty when I try to tell of it all, but the heart knows—the hearts of the soldiers and of those who love them, scattered all over our land—east, west, north and south—these hearts know the story of Mother Bickerdyke and will cherish it to their dying day—and beyond! beyond! It is a story that cannot die while we love our country. So long as we can be thrilled by heroic deeds or gladdened by loving service, this story will live, and we shall say over and over again with ever deepening love and gladness, "Thank God for Mother Bickerdyke and the work she did," and to the story of her army life we shall add that of her life among the poor in New York, Chicago and San Francisco—yes, in any city or town where she pitched her tent and tarried for a time. We shall tell how she helped the discharged soldiers to find a place and a way to make a home and a "happy household clime for weens and wife." We shall hear again her ringing call for help, her impassioned plea for money, food and clothing for the struggling Kansans, so many of them her "boys," when Indian raids and the "plague of the grasshopper" had left them destitute. We shall see her the most loved and honored of all at campfires and reunions. How her face glows with love and joy as the brave old "boys" crowd around her! How they hug her until it "seems as if they would break every bone in her body." How eager they are to tell her the story of their efforts, their failures and their successes since the war, and she listens—listens with a word of encouragement for one, a word of praise for another, and words of love for all. Dear old Mother Bickerdyke!

We follow her on through the lingering years—years that, though they left the marks of growing age and feebleness upon her body, yet left the strong mind untouched, the heart still serene and brave, and oh, how we glory in her womanhood! How we rejoice to hold her among us! How we delight to honor her in every way possible, trying to blot out with our kindness the memory of her years of hardship and denial, though we would never forget the grandness of the service rendered through them all. We hear her saying again, "I have a commission from God to do all I can for every miserable sinner that comes my way. He is always sure of two friends—God and me," and we know that only the opening of the great book of Life will reveal the extent and beauty of her work, that only the angels of love can keep the record true and tell of the thousands to whom she has not only helped to bring bodily health, but to whom she has brought the good tidings of hope and love. We know that, through her brave gospel of hope, work and care many have been brought back to man and womanhood, many have left the ways of sin and entered upon the beautiful, though rugged paths of life and love. Faithful old Mother Bickerdyke!

Again the bells are ringing to celebrate her eightieth birthday and friends are coming from far and near for one more meeting with her. A meeting that, though the shadow of the parting was over all, was yet a sacred and happy time. We hear the words of praise and of benediction as she moves among the throng, bright and cheery, though her face is deeply lined with the story of the passing years, and her soft brown hair is white as snow. Her eyes are sunken, but they have not lost their sparkle; they hold yet the holy depths of mother love and a great pride shows in them as she looks upon the manly forms of her "boys," and hears their words of welcome and congratulation. They urge her to visit them in their own homes—to come here and go there, but she says a kindly "No" to them all now, for her race was almost run and her home, her son were the dearest of all, and she would stay with them while she might. "I am old now," she said, "and all I want is to be let alone, to live quietly at home as any other woman would. I've had enough of publicity. Let me rest. Let me rest."

So the quiet months pass, and the end comes nearer, nearer, but with no dark clouds, no forebodings, only a peaceful letting go of earthly things and a firmer grasp and comprehension of things spiritual, a trustful resting in the love that guided and sustained her through all of the busy, changeful years of earth life, and that would still guide and sustain her. She knew that, come what might, she could not "drift beyond the Father's care." She did not lose her cheerfulness; her interest in those for whom she had lived and worked for so long was unchanged. She was Mother Bickerdyke to the last here, and is she not still Mother Bickerdyke in that Home "not built with hands" to which she has gone?

A great peace rested in the beautiful cold face as she lay in her last sleep, and the story of her life was there—that life so deep and true and strong, so full of beautiful activities and of womanly sympathies—full of all that was good and beautiful, and yet but faintly foreshadowing the great soul that had looked out of its windows—a face it is good to have known and blessed to remember. A life consecrated to high duties, enriched by service, made holy by love—a life that must go on still, strong and true, tender and kind, blest and blessing. Hail, Mother Bickerdyke, hail and farewell!

The Summer is past, the harvest is come:
Now is the ingathering of the year.
The sons of men go forth to their labor,
And the land yieldeth for them food.
In the fields they reap the harvest,
And gather the vintage from the vineyard.
The hills are girded with gladness
And the pastures are clothed with flocks.
Blessed of God is the land for the dew of heaven
And for the deep that sleepeth beneath;
For the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,
And for the precious things put forth by the rain;
For the precious things of earth and its fullness,
And for the good will of him who giveth all.

—*From Unity Festivals.*

March On, My Soul

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay.
March swiftly on, yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
The path of faith made by the sons of God.

Follow the marks that they have set beside
The narrow, cloud-swept track to be thy guide;
Follow and honor what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

Something to learn and something to forget;
Hold fast the good and seek the better yet;
Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth,
That creeds are milestones on the road to Truth.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE STUDY TABLE

A New Book on Immortality

"We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it; we are forever trying to prove it because we believe it." This dictum of Martineau's utters in a striking way an obvious truth. We assign many reasons for belief in immortality, but the belief precedes them. The belief is a constant, the reasons for it are its variables. Vision is constantly changing; new sciences, new philosophies give other outlook upon things. The effort ever is to fit this belief into the new rationale. The difficulties in the way of belief have often worn a formidable look; but in the issue, difficulties have hardly more than given belief opportunity to prove its vitality. We are sometimes told that the belief is giving ground, a judgment surely not justified by a wide survey. Forty years ago, when William R. Alger published his History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, Ezra Abbot prepared for its appendix a bibliography of the subject comprising the titles of something more than five thousand volumes. How copious a bibliography of this subject might be compiled now we may not say, but a guess of four or five times that number would probably err on the side of conservatism. On not more than two or three themes is so much writing being done. Out of all schools of thought the volumes come. Now and then we receive one of skeptical note; but such, from their relative fewness, hardly more than make more impressive the all but universal unanimity of conviction.

This persistence of the belief leads many to think that within the constitution of man there must be a reason for believing, which our arguments reflect but never express, which our difficulties may transiently eclipse but not extinguish; that, as Emerson will have it, "we are better believers than we can give grounds for." One difficulty, however, of recent years has been both grave and stubborn. We may not have been of those who accept physical science as a finality; we may have felt sure that divination may yet venture when retort and crucible have done all they can. But when it has been pressed home upon us that psychical activity is conditioned upon brain organization, with the inference, commonly expressed and always suggested, that it cannot survive brain dissolution, thought of immortality has been with anxiety. Psychical activity has seemed like the flame of a candle; what becomes of the flame when there is no longer a candle? The views of immortality gathered from Parker and Martineau look fair in themselves and have comforted many hearts. Placed, however, against this teaching, they have at best a mirage-like look. They may be held in spite of it, but with defiant rather than contented mind. Where it does not obscure the sun it casts a shadow, and we have been expecting to see some earnest spirit turn upon it with serious challenge. Our expectation at last is realized in *Beside the New-Made Grave,** the sombre title of a volume full of light. It is written by F. H. Turner—better, Frances H. Turner—for many years a teacher in one of the public schools of Boston. She is one who lives at the higher altitudes of thought and whose intellectual sympathies are large. She is an omniverous student who, after a hard day's work, can rest with a volume of science or philosophy as another with cards or a cigar. The death of a mother awakened special interest in this theme, and she gave it a study of years with such results as are compressed in these pages. In one important respect it is an exceptional book. Most books on immortality are at best a recast of the substance of other books; this book is a fresh product. The author has evident acquaintance with Stewart and Tait, and copious reading is everywhere manifest; but Emerson himself did not turn over books with more independent mind. The style of the book is lucid; candor is unfailing; we find in it no heat, no gush, no dogmatism. It invites to reason, and to reason, severe yet warm and cordial, its pages are given.

The chief consideration of the book is drawn from a study of the borderland between physics and metaphysics, where experiment ends and hypothesis, if we will still get on, must be our guide. If any devotee of fact is disdainful of this, it is in order to remind him that the grand discoveries of our science had each and all their hypothetical stage, that the ether of which we talk as confidently as we talk of oxygen, science postulates rather than immediately deals with. Let us with a simple illustration come to the author's view. Here is a lump of some substance; we will hand it to a chemist and ask his account of it. He can resolve it into atoms and in some sort tell us of them. With the atom he reaches his limit; but does he reach the end? Is there any end to reach? Is chemistry a science of ultimates? Right here, with the atom, did evolution begin? Beyond the atom no form of matter, no play of force? Here the very beginning or bottom or outside of the cosmic manifestation? With these questions our senses might be suspected if we asked them seriously. We hold the universe infinite—the beginning, the bottom, the outside of an infinite! Our author is past the Sunday school status, and such question, so far from being hers, only indicate the insanity to which we were driven, were we to attempt to confute her. The indivisibility of the material atom tells us not that we have reached an ultimate, but only that we have proved the utmost of the resources of our chemistry. Man may never be able to dissolve an atom, but Nature in her laboratory may do this infinitely. The atom of our matter the author holds to be "an aggregate of atoms of some finer kind of matter." Of ultimates she and Nature know nothing. Here, through a few sentences, we may as well let her give account of herself in her own language. "Nature knows nothing of ultimates, certainly not of ultimates so close to man that he can grasp them in his thought. * * * Once we set our ultimate at our own form of matter, but Nature showed us that we had mistaken her way, that she had a whole world of matter within and beyond our own. Straightway we set up that ethereal world for our new ultimate, and would none of a beyond. But to no purpose; the beyond beckons and the path runs on. Every discovery we make in Nautre is only an indication of more of the same kind further on. The existence within our world of a world more tenuous than ours implies the existence within that of another more tenuous still, and within that another and another, on and on in endless evolution, the atom of one tenuity being ever the gateway to the next, a multiplex compound of fine atoms."

This is carrying inference a long way beyond knowledge, but there is certainly knowledge to begin with. It is not a flight of imagination but the issue of prolonged meditation upon fact. But now consider man. What is true of the world of matter in general must be true also of his organism. Within the

*Beside the New-Made Grave. By F. H. Turner. Pp. 170. James H. West Co. Boston. $1 net.

tenuity in which his psychic faculties now do their work is another tenuity; in that other yet another, and so on indefinitely. When this tenuity shall be dissolved the next will come upon the stage, the agent of a new, yet continued, psychical career. The psychical energy actual in this tenuity is potential in that next one, and in it shall become actual when the time shall come. Immortality is life in an endless succession of tenuities, finer and finer and so conceivably higher and higher, yet in more general features like the present one. This form of immortality with many is likely to have the disadvantage of novelty. But we query whether to earth-born spirits it may not become more comforting than the one with which we have been so long acquainted. We refer to the impalpable shade which in Christian centuries death has dismissed to Heaven or Hell, as in Homeric times to Elysian Fields or Asphodel Moors. In wiser hours we linger on the thought of immortality without concern for the form in which we shall enter it. When, however, the form obtrudes the shade is too spectral for our joy.

Thus the latter-day challenge of immortality is met; again, with another reason, belief asserts itself. No one can hereafter say that psychical extinction is the only inference from brain dissolution. Another inference is here candidly and cogently drawn. To the sympathetic reader there can no longer be hopeless dissonance between the science he must accept and the faith he is so unwilling to relinquish.

Though the volume is speculative in its general feature, it deals almost wholly with scientific data; as a ladder it reaches to dizzy heights, but we step on to it from earth, and in all our climb are sensible of security at its base. We hardly need say it is tentative, a pioneer venture into a region which may yet well invite many explorers. Its issue is not a knowledge we must bow to, nor even a doctrine we are asked to embrace. It is a thought to linger with us and enrich us and comfort us. And this is best. Say what we will, the great question of life is not that of Socrates, What know ye? but that of Jesus, What think ye? REV. A. W. JACKSON.

Melrose, Mass.

"A Spinner in the Sun" is the last volume by that rather prolific writer, Myrtle Read—the tenth in number. There is considerable similarity, yet a delightful variety in all these volumes. I like this one very much indeed, but perhaps "Love Letters of a Musician" or "The Master's Violin" was a bit better. At any rate, if a body likes quaint, quiet lovableness, it will be well to read, in a quiet corner, every one of these books of Myrtle Read. They are published by G. P. Putman's Sons.

"Holyland" comes from Dana Estes & Co., of Boston, by Gustav Frenssen—the author of "Jorn Uhl." You probably remember what I said about this last named novel—the finest thing in that line since "Lorna Doone." I have not yet read "Holyland," except a few pages; and that is enough to know that I have a feast before me. If it is one-half as good as "Jorn Uhl" it will be a treasure. One turns from such a book as this to the sloppy productions of our get-rich-quick novel writers with a deal of satisfaction—a quiet comfort in the thought that honest workers are not all dead. If you buy "Holyland" get "Jorn Uhl" with it, and everything else written by its author.

The latest edition of "Plant Breeding," by L. H. Bailey, published by Macmillan Co., is at hand. This is hardly a new edition of an old book, for so much of it has been either rewritten, or is new matter entirely. I notice that in recasting some of the opening chapters, Dr. Bailey has changed his standpoint somewhat as to the natural stability of varieties—that is, what we have to contend with in plant breeding is first of all fixation, and after that a superinduced instability. The most astonishing fact of the vegetable kingdom today is its absolute upset at the hands of man. We are liable to get something new at every turn—and something better, as well as much that is worse. A decent observer on a farm can hardly help getting hold of an improvement of some sort. He has only to attend to the matter of selection and preservation.

From the Macmillan Co. I also get "The Listener's Lure," by E. V. Lucas. This book is crammed full of a gentle humor and delicate portrait painting. It consists of letters passing between Lynn Harberton, of the Manor House, to Edith Graham, and others from divers parties. You can get some idea of the contents from the page lines, which include Uncleanliness and Godliness, The Danger of Finishing, Nature's Cruelty, The English Failure Club, The Double Life, The Clothes of the Church, The Perfect Holiday, etc. The book is rich, sweet and wholesome.

Several new magazines are on the table. Among these the most notable is the development of a fortnightly out of the old *North American*. We have needed just this for some time past. We held a meeting in Brooklyn some ten years ago to discuss the founding of something very similar to the English reviews; but there was not sufficient capital in sight. Now we have it by a natural evolution. The *North American* reaches away back into the thirties or perhaps twenties, and is a part of American history and American life. It should form the rallying center of a higher intellectual development. *Putnam's Monthly* and the *Critic* combined in the resurrection of that dear old monthly of the middle of the last century, which came the nearest to being a genuine American magazine of anything up to date. I mean it more closely represented the average American sentiment of the whole United States. The *Atlantic* was Bostonian then, as it is now—and not a bit the worse for it. This new *Putnam* has nothing to specifically mark it, except that it is still thoroughly American, in spite of its effort to show good literary quality and excellent writing. Its contents are supposed to be improved by a touch of President Roosevelt—as possibly they are.

Anyone who desires to study up the present condition of internationalism will find good material in a little volume edited by Lucia Ames Meade, of Boston, and published by Ginn & Co.

From the Macmillan Co. I get "The Odyssey for Boys and Girls," told from Homer, by Rev. Alfred J. Church. This book is a success, and I am inclined to think that those boys who read it will know more about Homer than a good many college boys who have staggered through a few pages of Greek and rendered them into horrible English.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Think of each day as in itself a life, and say each morning, "I wake to do the work of a man."
MON.—The supreme meaning of life is in our search after truth and in our effort to follow and obey.
TUES.—It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.
WED.—Greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them.
THURS.—To quicken but not to own, to make but not to claim, to raise but not to rule, this is called profound virtue.
FRI.—No evil dooms us hopelessly, except the evil we love and desire to continue in and make no effort to escape from.
SAT.—There is no clock, however good, but must be continually wound up.

—From Moral Aspirations and Song, edited by Wm. M. Salter.

Historians

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,
All alone,
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water
Down the hill,
Shows where once in merry laughter
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed dark and hidden,
Ferns (how queer!)
Left a message plainly saying:
"We've been here!"

You may see where tiny ripples
On the sands
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why the oak trees, by their bending,
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew
Years ago.

So our habits tell us, little
Maids and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been!

—A. F. Caldwell.

A Twilight Story for Girls

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head sympathetically at another, who was just going into a ward.

"I pity ourselves today," she said.

"I know—it will be hard to keep the children bright," the other answered. A nurse was taking temperatures and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stopped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face pressed soberly against the pillow.

"Don't you want some of the scrap-books to look over, Jennie?" she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. "No," she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. "Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles? You could play with it nicely there."

"No, I don't want any," Jennie answered wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

"Don't bother about Jennie. I guess I can make her do something," she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. "Thank you, little assistant," she said, tenderly. She went on about her work, but it did not seem so hard or so hopeless any more.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. She opened her eyes when the sharpest pain had passed and called across to the next bed, "Jennie!"

"What is it?" Jennie asked, listlessly.

"Jennie, let's 'see things'; we haven't for ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know."

"Well," Jennie answered, doubtfully; "you'll have to begin, though."

"Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—my, don't they smell sweet?"

"I know something prettier than that," Jennie answered. "It's vi'lets—a lady gave me some once. They ain't anything like 'em, velvet, nor nothing else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dulin!"

"But I see something else," Maggie went on. "It is a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers—yellow, and white, and all colors, and there ain't no sign up to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet."

Round the ward word sped quickly, "Maggie's seein' things!" Children who could walk went over to her corner; wheel-chairs rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her, and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. "She's as good medicine as the sunshine," he said.

"Poor little thing!" the nurse answered with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. "It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!" he said.—*Mabel Nelson Thurston, in Woman's Journal.*

The Express to Sleeptown

I know a little traveler
Who every single night
Starts upon a long, long journey,
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads, "Sleeptown Express,"
Stamped "Papa's Good-night Kiss";
And, when she pays him with a hug,
He says: "I thank you, Miss.

"Just take the berth marked 'Dreamyland,'
You mount it by the stairs.
Make haste, because the train should start
Soon as you've said your prayers.

"Remember, too, on this express,
You tightly close your eyes;
And no one reaches Sleepy Town
Who talks or laughs or cries.

"So, when the sandman engineer
His engine bell has rung,
The passenger for Sleepy Town
Must surely hold her tongue.

"Be ready, then, to jump aboard,
Kiss mother at the gate.
It's after half-past seven and
The train is due at eight."

—Gertrude O. Gaskill, in Christian Register.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The New York Campaign.

The New York State campaign continues to engross the attention of the entire country. The most notable event of the week past was a terrific arraignment of Hearst by Secretary Root in a speech at Utica, which was reported in full by the press all over the country. It reads like one of Cicero's orations against Cataline brought down to date. And, what is more, it carries conviction. Quotations from the Hearst papers were used with telling effect to show the extent to which the defamation of public men of the highest character has been carried, leading up to the historic editorial which described Mr. McKinley as "the most despised and hated creature on this hemisphere." Effective use is made of the fact that this man, who now aspires to the highest office in the land, totally failed to perform the duties of the only office he ever held, that of member of Congress. President Roosevelt is quoted by authority as being most emphatically opposed to Hearst and believing that his election would be a serious injury to the cause of reform in which he is engaged. The speech, as a whole, is one of the ablest examples of political oratory in recent years. It cannot fail to have great effect. The Hearst cause has also received a setback in Tammany circles by one or two cablegrams from Richard Croker, now in England, expressing his abhorrence of the Hearst-Murphy coalition. On the other hand, the attempt to parade the name and picture of the murderer of McKinley and to stigmatize the Independence League, which Mr. Hearst has formed, by applying it to the name of a creature whom, by tacit consent, the American people have doomed to oblivion, is one of those devices employed by politicians of the Roger Sullivan type, which always react upon their authors. By the time this is in the hands of our readers the verdict of the voters of New York upon this remarkable campaign will have been pronounced.

The Chicago School Board.

The heated state of feeling over a minor school board controversy in Chicago is largely due to a persistent campaign of innuendo and misrepresentation by the Chicago papers, the most notorious offender being the *Tribune*. The situation is this: The Teachers' Federation, under the forceful leadership of Miss Margaret Haley, has come into disrepute by reason of its affiliation with the labor unions and by a general impression that it is more concerned for the interests of the teachers as a class than for the schools. Superintendent Cooley, a man of character and a progressive if not an advanced educator, is opposed by the Federation, and has himself, perhaps, shown a lack of grasp of a difficult and complicated situation. Mayor Dunne's recent appointees to the Board of Education are a reinforcement to the radical or anti-Cooley element. They have been made the subject of all manner of caricature by the *Tribune*, and one of its editorials has called forth a libel suit from Mayor Dunne. One of the Methodist ministers of the city, an eloquent and popular preacher, has been so far stampeded by the newspaper tirades that he, in turn, stampeded his congregation into passing resolutions, as if the whole community were on the verge of revolution. As a matter of fact, the new appointees to the school board, while people of advanced ideas, are men and women of unquestionable integrity and of genuine devotion to the interests of the schools. The declaration that they are "freaks, monomaniacs and boodlers" is one of which a great newspaper ought to be ashamed. The specific question over which all this dust has been raised concerns the method of testing the efficiency of teachers, which is always a difficult problem. Mr. Cooley depends upon a system of secret markings by the principal of each school. The proposed plan contenplates a descriptive report of the work of each teacher, to be made not only by the principal, but by certain other designated officials from outside the school, the teacher herself to have access to it. There is also a question as to what extent outside study by the teacher should be required for promotion. These are not questions for mass-meetings, church resolutions and outcries that "our schools are in danger." The people who are looking for a chance to attack Mayor Dunne through his school board had better save their fire till the board does something really radical. Meantime the formation of other teachers' organizations is making it evident that the claim of the Teacher's Federation to represent the Chicago teachers is far from being established. It represents only a faction of them.

San Francisco's Troubles.

San Francisco has been passing through a spectacular crisis, occasioned by the attempt of the local boss, Mr. Abraham Ruef, to literally capture for himself the State's Attorney's office, where indictments against him were being prepared. A storm of public indignation was the result, and the defeat of the brazen attempt of this particular boss is a foregone conclusion. Following close upon the exclusion of the Japanese from the public schools, which in view of our principle of the autonomy of the states, produced a most embarrassing diplomatic situation, this incident does not set the civic life of the earthquake-smitten city of the coast in a very pleasant light before the country.

Judge Gary.

The death of Judge Gary, who presided at the trial of the Haymarket rioters, removes a venerable and respected figure from the Chicago bench. Of far greater value to the community than his attitude in that famous trial, as to the merits of which there are wide differences of opinion, is the memory of a faithful and fair-minded judge, who made litigants ever feel the authority and the righteousness of our heritage of common law.

The Atlantic City Disaster.

The plunging of an electric train loaded with excursionists into thirty feet of water from a trestle near Atlantic City, with the loss of fifty-three lives, is one of the appalling casualities of recent history. A good many electric roads have been run upon a happy-go-lucky plan as to roadbed and signals, and the warning which such an accident sounds is obvious.

Three-Cent Fares.

Tom Johnson has at last secured his three-cent fare on one of the street railroads of Cleveland, and acted as motorman himself in making the first trip, in the presence of enthusiastic crowds. For short distance and for rush hours the three-cent fare is destined to arrive in the very near future, and the mints may as well begin designing the appropriate coin.

Professor Burgess' Break.

The American Lectureship at the University of Berlin has for the first time made a serious blunder. Professor Burgess took it upon himself to inform his hearers that the Monroe Doctrine was really a dead letter, and the protective tariff a relic of the dark ages. Doubtless he told the truth, for America cannot meddle in the affairs of Europe, Asia and Africa and at the same time insist that the nations of Europe shall have nothing to say about things in South America. The remark, however, was an exceedingly injudicious one, and has for the moment rendered Professor Burgess *persona non grata,* even at the embassy of his own country at Berlin. It is evident that when our professors go abroad to teach they must be carefully muzzled on certain subjects. This is one of the drawbacks to such professorships.

Mrs. Eddy.

A sensational article in the New York *World* in regard to the present situation of Mrs. Eddy, has concentrated a good deal of popular curiosity upon the venerable head of the Christian Science Church. Whether Mrs. Eddy has called in a cancer specialist or not is of no great consequence. Neither does it matter much if on a few occasions a friend has taken her place in the closed carriage for the famous daily drive. But the suggestion that the old lady has been the dupe of shrewd and designing people who have got away from her practically all of the large fortune she had amassed from the sale of her book, appeals strongly to the American love of fair play. It must be admitted that the mystery that has been thrown about her, and her appearance to reporters under circumstances resembling a spiritualistic seance, strongly suggests the idea that Mrs. Eddy, now advancing in senility, is being manipulated for purposes of revenue by those who understand the arts of imposture. It would be impossible ever to convince the devotees of Christian Science that she is not all they fondly believe her to be. Their minds are religiously closed to such thoughts. Nowhere outside the Catholic Church is such absolute mental submission required. And it is this habit of mental submission which will make it possible for unscrupulous men to practice all manner of pious imposture upon the faithful, if they can only claim to be the spokesmen of the founder. What will take place in that church after Mrs. Eddy's death is a matter of interesting conjecture.

W. B. T.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Congress of Religion Not a Compromise

The Congress of Religion is not based on a compromise and its advocates are not seeking a more easy way, or itching for a greater "popularity." Its origin, history and personnel disprove these suspicions. There may be those who are so deeply entrenched in the philosophy of theological "antagonisms" and denominational "fundamentals" as to be unable to believe that the harmonies that bind all the sects and all religious systems are profound, while the antagonisms and the differences that separate them are superficial; but the Congress of Religion came into being out of the faith that creeds, formulas and forms are in the nature of things fluid, flowing and changing, while the synthesis of ethics and religion—love, duty, growth, trust, reverence are permanent needs of the soul and the higher the soul the more persistent the request.

During its twelve or more years of life the Congress has demonstrated over and over again the vitality and integrity of this assumption. At its gatherings orthodox lines have faded away in the presence of a larger evangelicism and heterodox confidences and conceits have paled in the presence of a more inclusive synthesis.

Any attempt to divide the religious world by philosophic distinctions or theological classifications simply fails in the presence of the unbiased scholarship and the sincere devoutness of today.

In the earlier inception of this movement there was naturally an attempt to formulate, to define and to analyze, but with each year's growth there comes a clearer recognition of the fact that to him that doeth the deed will the way become clearer.

The program of the seventh annual meeting of the New York State Conference of Religion is before us. This is an organization that was born out of the same impulses and, within state bounds, seeks the same ends as does the Congress of Religion. The conference's next meeting, November 12-13, to be held at Schenectady, N. Y., is to be welcomed by the president of Union University, and the names of Jew and Gentile, Unitarian and Trinitarian, heterodox and orthodox, appear on its committees. The topics for discussion are interpretative of the courage and sincerity of the movement: "Religious Unity in Practice" is to be discussed by a Jewish rabbi and a Baptist minister; "Revival of Conscience" is to be discussed by a layman, a member of Congress; "Public Service as a Moral Vocation" is to be presented by a state senator; "Religion and Social Progress," by the secretary of the Prison Association of New York; "The Ethical Conception of Money," by one of the editors of the *Outlook*; "Religion and Wealth," by a professor of Yale University; "What Different Religions Owe to One Another," by a Jewish rabbi—and so the program goes, exemplifying the motto of this Conference: "Religions are many; religion is one"; and the truth of the great motto of the Congress and the greater Parliament of Religions: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" If any object that the above are not fundamently religious questions, then alas for religion.

The Congress must necessarily find its own with deliberation and difficulty, but its continuous and growing success is guaranteed by the integrity of the universe, the solidarity of the race. Its main contentions are so fundamental and imperative that they must obtain more and more. Religion cannot die while man lives. The present confusion of sects cannot permanently abide in the face of the triumphs of science and morality.

J. LL. J.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE THIRD WORLD'S CONGRESS OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.—During my enforced silence of last summer a number of interesting congresses passed unnoted, among others the universal congress of Christian Endeavorers, held at Geneva. This was the third world's congress and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the first Christian Endeavor Society. Needless to say the delegates from many lands found a warm welcome in hospitable Geneva. *L'Activité chrétienne,* the local Endeavor organ, was issued daily during the sessions of the Congress, reporting the proceedings in French, English and German. French sessions were held in the large Hall of the Reformation; English ones, in Victoria Hall, and German, in the Lutheran church.

The great union meeting held in the large Hall of the Reformation, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary, must have been a deeply moving and inspiring one. It was presided over by the beloved founder himself, Rev. Francis E. Clark.

While the delegates were entering and grouping themselves by nationalities in different parts of the hall, various hymns from the Congress collection were sung with enthusiasm. A short English address followed, which was translated into French and German by M. Ch. Briquet, president of the Congress. In this address President Clark expressed his pleasure at seeing so many peoples represented and requested each speaker of the afternoon to be kind enough to speak and sing in his native tongue.

Programs had been distributed at the entrances containing the order of exercises printed in twelve languages: French, German, English, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Finnish, Lettish, Marathi and Esperanto. The whole assembly united in an invocation, the same in substance but each in his own tongue. Short prayers in various languages followed. The Lord's prayer and the twenty-third psalm were recited in unison and then followed the singing of one stanza of "Blest be the tie that binds."

Then each nationality in turn was called on by the President and sent up a representative to tell from the platform and in his own tongue what the Christian Endeavor societies in his native land had accomplished and to deliver the message sent by those left at home. The remarks of each closed with the singing of one stanza of a hymn in his native language. As each national representative was introduced the flag of his country was displayed from the platform, where it then remained to the end of the session, all the flags floating there together at last as symbols of the Christian love uniting all nationalities.

In this way representatives were heard successively from Switzerland, the United States, and Canada, Great Britain, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Russia, Italy, Spain, Hungaria, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Egypt, Australia, South Africa, China and Hawaii. From Portugal and Mexico there was no response.

Letters and messages were read from South America, Persia, the West Indies, the Pacific Islands, the Congo, and other countries. One of these was a message from the Endeavorers in Massachusetts prisons. President Clark explained in this connection that, thanks to the work done in these prisons, there were now to be found in them over two hundred Endeavorers none of whom was such before incarceration.

Lastly, before the benediction, reference was made to the heavy expense for propaganda work. For this Mr. Clark and Mr. Shaw had collected the sum of $10,000, but it was not right that the entire burden should rest on two men alone. Mr. Clark therefore urged the societies to contribute what they could especially during the next three years, during which time Mr. Shaw would try to raise an endowment fund to provide for the future. There was generous response to this appeal. A hymn, recitation of the Endeavor pledge and a paper by the President setting forth in a few words the aim and methods of the organization closed this interesting session.

Another very telling evening must have been that in which the history of the wonderful growth and development of the Endeavor movement was vividly presented by means of a fine collection of lantern slides. The following account is from the English report in *L'Activité chrétienne.*

"Starting from Williston, where the first society of Christian Endeavor was formed twenty-five years ago, the lecturer showed photographs of Endeavorers in many places around the world.

"First came pictures of Christian Endeavor in America, where the society is strongest numerically. Pictures were shown of C. E. in the state prisons of Indiana and Kentucky, of a society among life-savers, of an evangelistic cruise from Chicago, of veterans in the National Military Home, of rest tents, holiday tents, drinking fountains and water troughs, all supplied by Endeavorers.

"Of great interest to the convention delegates were views of some American conventions at Boston, Detroit and Washington. A glimpse into Canada was given by pictures in Winnipeg, and of Cherry Cottage, Aylmer, where Dr. Clark was born. Proceeding through America, views were next shown of Alaska, of Mexico, of Jamaica and of Brazil, giving characteristics of C. E. work in those places.

"Leaving America, views were presented of Endeavorers in Hawaii, and in the ships on the sea leading to Nagasaki in Japan, where the C. E. Seamen's Home has been established. Very interesting were the pictures of the Juniors in Japan, of the societies, the conventions, and the people generally.

"From Japan we were taken on a tour through Korea and China, showing C. E. societies in these countries, pictures of the children, methods of travel, and some of the effects of the Boxer troubles.

"Australia was represented by a view of Sydney, by a photograph of a kangaroo, the C. E. animal, because it goes by leaps and bounds; also by a view of the city hall, Adelaide, of the Australian bush and of aborigines at home.

"Passing through Siam and Burma, with photos of characteristic Endeavorers *en route,* some time was spent in India viewing the C. E. societies, conventions, workers and work in that great country beyond the sea, where we all hope to meet for the next world's convention in 'Calcutta, 1909.'

"Leaving India by way of Ceylon, we came to Turkey and to Palestine, to Egypt and through Africa, glad to know that wherever we went through all these countries we might find Endeavorers ready to meet and greet us.

"Looking around Europe, Sweden, Germany, Bulgaria, Hungary, Italy, Spain and Switzerland received attention, and the lecture closed with photos of Boston, of the headquarters of the World's Union, and of some of the workers there, including our beloved President, Dr. Clark.

"The lecture gave a wonderful insight into the world-wide growth of our world-wide movement." M. E. H.

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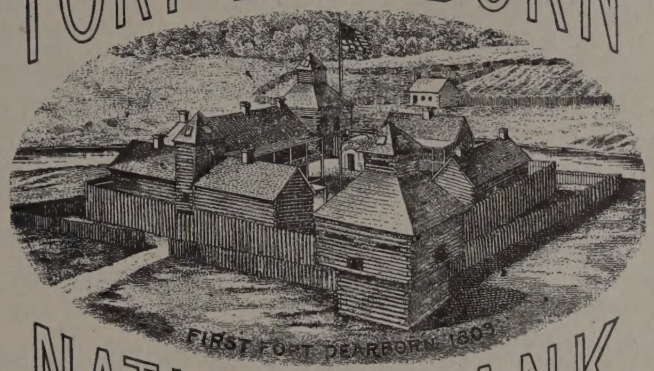

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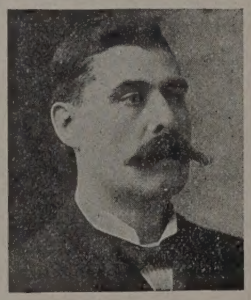
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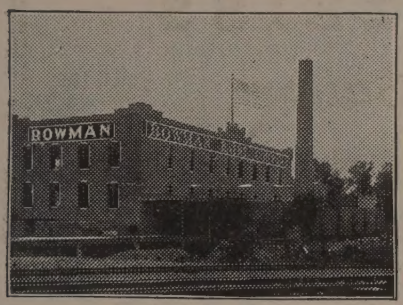

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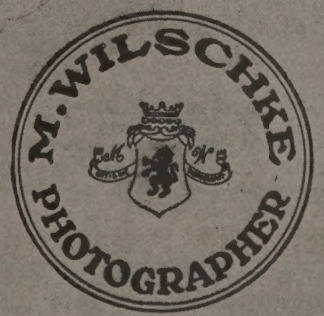

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